SNOOPS and SCOOPS

1941

GRADUATION ISSUE

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"SNOOPS AND SCOOPS" -- JUNE 1941

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Quotations for Seniors	Norma Saville
	Jean McDonald

THE RED CROSS COMES TO WOODWARD

"Woodward's clothesline to Europe" is steadily increasing. At the end of the school term we expect to have finished a total of forty six sweaters. At present we have eighty-four baby blankets, ten children's sweaters and twenty-four baby gowns, which are the most popular articles being made. A knitted baby afghan has also been completed.

On Thursday, May 22nd, a Red Cross Rally was held and all the girls who had done anything towards this worthy cause were present. Each took a partner and marched around the hall, singing the school song. As she marched around, she received a Red Cross Badge and a lollypop.

Everyone who has been knitting or sewing knows that she is helping in the national defense program and helping to fill Quincy's quota. We all hope that Woodward will be able to continue with her work next year, if it is needed (though we all pray that it won't be) and we hope to do as good a job if not better.

Barbara McKenzie

THE CLASS OF 1941 IN ITS SOPHOMORE YEAR

CITIZENSHIP PROJECT

Anna Reynolds

As a citizenship project, the members of the Senior History Class spent a day visiting City Hall and the Fire and Police Departments. At Police Headquarters, we were met by our guide, Officer John Erwin. We began our tour of inspection by visiting the radio room, where the dispatcher, Officer Belanger, demonstrated the manner in which headquarters establishes connection with the cruise cars. He also explained how police block off the city in case of robbery. Officer Edmund Cunniff gave us an interesting explanation of the teletype system. Next we learned about the record room from Officer Hodge. He told us about the various methods of finger printing and photographing criminals. Around the room, various weapons used in the murders and robberies were displayed. Before we left the Police Headquarters, Captain Fallon of the Bureau of Investigation spoke to us about the types of crimes and the methods used by the police in solving them.

At ten-thirty we assembled in the Council Chamber of City Hall, where we were cordially welcomed by Mayor Burgin. Mayor Burgin spoke briefly on the History of Quincy and the duties of the city departments. After his talk, we examined several records in the City Clerk's office. These records dated back to the time of John Adams and John Hancock.

After enjoying lunch at Hood's, we paid a visit to the Central Fire Station. Lieutenant Walsh and Captain Gorman gave us a very thorough explanation of the fire-fighting equipment and the methods used in fire fighting. The Fire Alarm building interested us very much. The alarm system is a great asset to our Fire Department. We made a complete inspection of the station before leaving.

As citizens of Quincy we are very proud of our city.

DAWN

The rays of dawn broke through the darkened sky,
Like flames of fire appearing in the night;
And as my eyes beheld this glorious sight,
I stood amazed and uttered one long sigh.
"What wonders nature doth reveal", said I,
"How grand the earth reflects in dawn's pure light.
The hazy world is now becoming bright.
And all the beauties soon are drawing nigh."
The sleeping folk awake to greet the morn,
And rise to start a new and happy day.
Surroundings are no more sadly forlorn,
As birds fly chirping on their merry way.
The busy life begins when it is dawn,
And so it comes to make the people gay.

Anna Anderson

SENIOR CALENDAR

On October 16th we sponsored a style show given by Filene's. It proved very successful. Also in October we held a rummage sale, which did not turn our large profits!

In November we gave a Bridge Party which mothers and friends attended.

During the month of December we sold many boxes of Christmas cards, receiving favorable profits from this adventure. Our December dance was called "Christmas Kapers" and proved to be one of the best dances ever held at Woodward.

In January we devoted the entire month to the Father and Daughter Banquet in order to make it a success. We were not sorry for our efforts.

In February we held a White Elephant Sale in the Recreation room and were able to rid the family of old heirlooms.

In March we began to sell sandwiches and fruit for the benefit of the girls who stayed for glee club and madrigal rehearsals. Every Wednesday since then we have kept this up and found it to be a profitable business. During March we also held a magazine sale. Of course "Mademoiselle" and the Movie magazines sold best and we found ourselves with many Saturday Evening Posts on our hands. A "Movie and Dance Night" was also held by the Seniors in March.

Our April event was a food sale at Foys Market. The sale proved very successful. Many people patronized the sale and the contributions from the Seniors were exceptionally good.

On May 2nd we gave another style show, this time sponsored by Ethel Dysart. Though it was short, we had a lot of fun doing it and enjoyed seeing some attractive clothes.

Last but not least was THE NIGHT for the Seniors. The Senior Prom, "A Mexican Fiesta", was held on May 16th. We spent weeks on the decorations and hours putting them up, but it was worth it; and we all had a good time with plenty of music and refreshments. It was well worth the expense and effort.

Of course we still have ahead of us our trip to Washington and New York. I think we can all agree that our last year has been most successful.

SENIOR CLASS GIFT

In remembrance of their four years spent at Woodward and in order that the school may benefit, the class of 1941 presents to the school as their parting gift a radio and two blankets for the Senior Room and a silver tea service for use at social functions.

THE LINE FORMS ON THE LEFT

THE SENIOR PROM

Of all gala affairs, this year's Senior Prom was surely on the top. Never before had there been such extraordinary decorations--a typical Mexican Fiesta. The walls bore realistic palm trees, shaded windows, huge colored flowers on red trellises, and green cacti..On the windows there were big potted flowers. Charm strings of painted Mexican gourds hung at different angles around the room. And the stage was decorated with colorful Mexican cut-outs and gay balloons. On the small square tables, which were covered with Mexican cloths, festive candles burned in bottles, covered with candle drippings.

The favors, too, were of real Latin style--red cord bracelets with many little dangling Mexicans in blue, orange, red, green, and yellow. Something unusual took place, as all the escorts received novel license plates on tiny key chains.

The delicious refreshments consisted of ice cream, punch, and cake.

The Kerrigan Kats supplied snappy music, which was both sweet and hot.

All in all, the Prom was a highly successful affair at which everyone enjoyed himself immensely.

THE SENIOR STYLE SHOW

On May 2nd, at three thirty, the seniors presented their second style show of the year. This time Miss Ethyl Dysart of Quincy supplied the gowns and acted as commentator. Among the clothes modeled were various types of summer dresses and new flower-print gowns. Particularly popular were the evening gowns with jersey blouses and seersucker skirts. Due to a slight delay in shipment, the girls were not able to show us slacks, play-togs, and beachwear.

The models included Ada Burgess, Marthur Burgess, Grace Leet, Mary Chrisom, Eunice Reinhalter, Teddy Warren, Priscilla Rowe, and Anna Anderson. Greta Cobb supplied the music while the clothes were being modeled. Fresh-fruit punch and cookies were served as the parents and guests came in, before the style show began.

THE JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

Strange noises had been issuing forth from behind the closed doors of the assembly hall for weeks, building up suspense until we all thought we should burst with curiosity. At last the great day arrived and the doors were flung open for the Junior Assembly. The program began, with Pat O'Dowd as narrator, with a mock ballet, featuring "Skeets" Wright and "Ducky" Drake, assisted by a "Greek chorus". "Sorrows of the Supersoul" was then read (with much Russian accent) by Ellen Warren. Ruth Walorz and Betty Donovan proved themselves quite expert in the conga This was followed by a Barbershop Quartet, complete with a "strawberry blonde" (Barbara Cunniff); a French Cabaret scene, with a dance by Barbara Cunniff; and a first rate imitation of the Moylan sisters by Louise Hey and Marjorie Hunter (in pigtails and sucking lollypops). The program concluded with a dance by our own Carmen Miranda (Aileen Holstead) accompanied by a rhythm orchestra. The program was hilarious at times and always highly entertaining.

THE SOPHOMORE TEA

On May 6th the sophomores held their annual tea for their mothers. Mrs. Hall, the sophomore homeroom teacher, supervised, while different chairman planned the entertainment and refreshments. The hall was decorated, under the direction of Jean McDonald, with pink and blue crepe paper and an abundance of lovely spring flowers.

The entertainment brought out some of the hitherto undiscovered talent of the sophomore class. It began with readings from Louisa Alcott's letters by Peggy Donovan, in tribute to Mother's Day, which was the following Sunday. Among the other numbers were a piano duet by Louise Scanlon and Marie Earls, a flute solo by Marcia Easton, an accordian solo by Margaret Reinhalter, a reading by Norma Saville, a vocal selection by Doris Larson, a piano solo by Louise Scanlon, and baton drill by Marilyn

Sweeney. There was also incidental music by Gloria Baker, Catherine Pattavina, and Louise Scanlon.

After the entertainmnet, Miss Bacon served the punch and Mrs. Barrie, mother of the sophomore president, Marjorie Barrie, served the tea. The refreshments were excellent with great quantities of homemade cakes, cookies, and sandwiches, which were served by some of the sophomores.

The teachers, girls, mothers, and friends all enjoyed fully the opportunity of coming together informally for the afternoon.

THE FRESHMAN RECITAL

"Enthusiasm" should be the nick-name for the freshman class. They always have some new idea of obtaining money for their class treasury. About a month ago they decided to have a recital, as almost everyone in their class is talented in one way or another. That afternoon everyone was more than ready to do her part for the class.

Audrey Wilson, Sonja Haraldstad, Shirley Hixon, Nan Somerville, and Mary McDonald played the piano. Flora Pettepit sang the "Indian Love Call", with Louise Pennington playing a violin obligato. Louise also played a solo in another part of the program. Margaret Reinhalter played several numbers on her piano-accordian. There were recitations by Elsie Thornton and Elaine MacLean. Dorothyan Shaw and Jean Kaye sang a duet. The dancers were Mary Lander (ballet) and Priscilla Kirkland, Marjorie Regan, and Phyllis Germaine (tap).

The real highlight of the program, however, was the Freshman Glee Club, which had been working hard all year for such an opportunity. They sang four selections, conducted, in turn, by Louise Pennington, Pat Cahill, Alice Bailey, and Eleanor Ames. The program ended with everyone singing the Woodward school song. Refreshments were then served to an appreciative audience.

A CENSUS OF THE "BESTS"

1. Prettiest 2. Best Dressed 3. Athlete 4. Dancer 5. Best All Round Girl 6. Cutest 7. Most Likely to Succeed 8. Class Debater 9. Best Natured 10. Class Clown 11. Musician 12. Actress 13. Artist 14. Authoress 14. Most Versatile

SENIORS: 1. Nancy McKenna 2. Ellen Warren 3. Gloria Swanson 4. Ellen Warren 5. Anna Anderson 6. Helene West 7. Mary Chrisom 8. Gloria Swanson 9. Anna Anderson 10. Anna Swanson 11. Natalie Haley and Mary Burns 12. Priscilla Rowe 13. Nancy McKenna 14. Anna Swanson 15. Anna Swanson

JUNIORS: 1. Betty Donovan 2. Aileen Holstead 3. Caroline Hey 4. Ruth Walorz 5. Marjorie Hunter 6. Barbara Mitchell 7. Natalie West 8. Louise Hey 9. The following people tied: Carolyn Hey, Elizabeth Wright, Josephine Draicchio, Aileen Holstead, Betty Donovan, and Barbara Mitchell 10. Louise Hey 11. Mildred Pennington 12. Elizabeth Wright 13. Doris Bourdage 14. Pat O'Dowd 15. Natalie West

SOPHOMORES: 1. Peggy Donovan 2. Peggy Donovan 4. Ruth Bryant 5. Peggy Donovan 7. Rowena Hilton 9. Ruth Petzoldt

FRESHMEN: 1. Nan Somerville 2. Nan Somerville 3. Jean Kaye 4. Audrey MacLeod 5. Dorothyan Shaw 6. Marjorie Regan 7. Audrey MacLeod 9. Dorothyan Shaw 10. Alice Bailey 11. Audrey Wilson 12. Flora Pettepit 14. Elaine Mac Lean.

A CONDENSATION OF THE SENIOR HISTORY PAPER WRITTEN BY MARY CHRISOM AND TIED FOR FIRST PRIZE

THE CANE OF JOHN AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS SPEAKS

As I stand here in the caneholder in the hallway of the Adams Mansion in Quincy, Massachusetts, and see the many people, old and young, visiting this historic shrine, it makes me feel privileged to have been the cane used by the Second President and also by the Sixth President of the United States. Since I enjoy reminiscing about the eventful life I had, I shall endeavor to convey a summary of it with the two presidents.

My first master, John Adams, was born on October 19, 1735, in a typical New England House--two stories in front, with a low-pitched roof rising to the ridge and then sweeping downward to a long line.

At the age of fifteen, he began his studies at Harvard College. In 1755, he graduated and was offered the position of Latin Master in the grammar school of Worcester, Massachusetts. After reading and conversing with his friends concerning the rights of the English Parliament, he devoted himself to becoming an "Enlightened Politician" by studying law.

In 1774, he was chosen as a delegate from Massachusetts to the First Continental Congress. The following year upon his proposal, Washington was put in command of the army. I often wonder, if it had not been for this suggestion of my master, whether the colonies would have won the war. At the close of the Revolution, he was sent to negotiate the treaty of peace with Great Britain. How proud I was to accompany him! After we returned to America, he was first elected Vice-President in 1789 and then President in 1797. To my distinguished master belongs the credit of having drawn up the regulations which still remain the basis of our American Naval Code.

Many times I was taken along when my owner tried to instill patriotic spirit into every one of his listeners. I shall never forget how he would say, "Cling to the National Government".

When on July 4, 1826, I heard my master say, as he was dying, "Fame, Fortune, Power--I have always despised ye all", I realized the truth of these uttered words.

In his will I was bequeathed to his eldest son, John Quincy, who had been born on July 11, 1767. He was by habit conscientious, upright, and industrious. In 1785, after traveling abroad, he returned home to enter Harvard College.

John Quincy Adams was never able to keep his thoughts from public affairs. Often I saw him write articles concerning important questions either under the signature of Columbus or Barnevelt. Because of his diplomacy, Madison appointed him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Russia. I also accompanied him when he negotiated the renewal of the treaty with Sweden.

After we returned from Europe, he was elected President, and he immediately advocated internal improvements. At all times he refused to remove the office holders for political reasons.

In 1848, he was stricken with paralysis. How very true is this statement: "By his death the country lost a pure patriot!" He is now laid at rest with his father under the Stone Temple of the First Congregational Society in Quincy Center.

Now that a century has passed, I know that if my masters were to return, they would marvel at the many changes. I believe that the Quincy Public Library would be of special interest to them. Very often I accompanied them out to the stone library behind our mansion. Today, as the number of children necessitates larger schools, the Adams Academy, which my first master endowed, is no longer used for this purpose. A school existing today as a result of the tradition in education established by my master is Woodward Institute, founded by the physician who, in attendance on John Adams, was greatly influenced by his far-sighted educational endowments. The Post Office would be of special interest to John Adams, as he loved to correspond. I can remember that in one of his letters he wrote, "An independent newspaper is very necessary to make the truth known to the people."

I hope that by my reminiscing of their unselfish lives, you will appreciate why I consider it a privilege to have been the cane used by the second and the sixth Presidents of the United States.

WHAT WOODWARD HAS DONE FOR ME
Betty Warmington

Woodward has given me more than just scholastic knowledge, more than mere facts of history, English and Mathematics. In history I have learned how to vote and how to choose the kind of government which will be the best. History has taught me the essentials of good city government and has shown me how it is run. It has taught me more than facts. It has taught me how to be a better citizen.

English has taught me more than grammar and composition. It has taught me how to speak correctly. It has tuaght me how to appreciate good poetry, drama, and novels. It has tuaght me more than facts. It has taught me how to be a better citizen.

Mathematics has taught me how to balance a budget and how to manage a banking account. It has taught me how to buy stocks and bonds. It has taught me more than facts. It has taught me how to be a better citizen.

THE FIVE OF CLUBS
Anna Swanson

The night was dark and the air was heavy with mist. The only sounds in the eerie blackness were the hollow echoes of my footsteps on the pavement and the ominous moan of some distant foghorn. I looked back over my shoulder as I continued up the street and tried to convince myself that I was perfectly safe because, after all, I was in Chicago, it was 1941, and I had no enemies. Or did I?? What was the meaning of all this?

It had all started at breakfast in my dormitory as I was opening my mail. As I opened my last letter, a clipping fell out. Its message was this--"I'll make Red Crane take the five of clubs"--Frank Lane--Hubbard 3322. This message would be as meaningless to the average person as it was to me, except that I am Red Crane. I guessed that perhaps one of my friends had decided to play a joke on me. With the clipping was a note telling me to follow directions at 10 o'clock Tuesday, or else.....My curiosity was aroused, so I set about deciphering the message. I got nothing except that by crossing out the "r" and the "n" in Frank I got Fak Lane, which is the students' name for the street on which most of the professors live here at Georgetown University, and that by adding 3322 I got 10, which is the number of Professor Hubbard's house. Therefore, at lo o'clock I set out on my journey, determined to show my friends that nothing could phase me.

Fak Lane was very dark. The heavy fog bolstered my morale not at all, but I finally found myself across the street from number 10. So what? I waited and nothing happened for a while. But then I noticed that one of the side windows was open and a ladder was leaning against the house. I furtively crossed the street and hid behind a tree. Surely cross old Professor Hubbard would never have left a window open like that. Suddenly a cloaked shadow slid from behind a nearby bush and darted up to the ladder, climbed it, and entered. Perhaps he was a robber. I forgot my note and my precious neck and dashed after him. I covered the distance between the house and the ladder in about half a second. I climbed the ladder and jumped into the room, landing on my hands and feet. Everything was pitch dark and I groped about among the pieces of furniture. I was in the living room. Suddenly I heard voices. I tiptoed to the door and looked into the next room. It was lighted by a candle whose dim gleam showed the form of a cloaked man with a gun in his hand, menacing a white bearded man in the center of the room. It was Professor Hubbard.

I was petrified. What was happening to him? At any rate I must do something to save him and do it quickly. I picked up an ash tray and threw it at the candle. It missed. I lunged at the man and as I did so I heard a shot ring out and caught a glimpse of Professor Hubbard crumpled on the floor with blood streaming from him. Then I knew no more.

My eyes opened and I blinked at the bright lights. I heard howls of laughter all about me. What was going on? I straightened up, leaning on one elbow. Instead of being faced with a band of leering, bloodthirsty gangsters, I saw, to my dismay, a group of grinning fellow students. One of them, Fred Harris, came up to me and, between bursts of

laughter, said, "Well, congratulations, you're now a member of our fraternity. We were bound to have you in our club, so I was elected to test your school spirit. If you were just an average student, you would be glad to see Professor Hubbard shot. But you weren't. Your high ideals would not allow you to stoop so low, so you tried to save him. With the aid of a smashed electric light bulb and a bag of red ink, we made our little play quite realistic; indeed, so much so that you fainted. But just the same, we are very glad to have you in the fifth of our clubs, the "Ink Pot".

CLASS WILL - 1941

Know All Men by These Presents
That We, The Senior Class of 1941, of the Woodward School for Girls, of Quincy, Massachusetts, being of sound (?) and disposing mind and memory do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any and all Wills heretofor made by us.

Item 1: To Miss Katherine Bacon we bequeath at least one girl in the Senior English class that will look up the meaning of every word she gives her.

Item 2: To Miss Lane we give all the beautifully colored shadows that she wishes.

Item 3: To Mrs. Hall we give a Senior History class each member of which will pass in a current event topic every Friday.

Item 4: To Miss Zerbone we bequeath a class who would not try to divert her mind from recitation and who will know the verbs "to be" and "to have".

Item 5: To Miss Zerbone's room we offer a dumb waiter for bringing down the dishes.

Item 6: To Miss Hall we give a class whose books are always covered and a mark book with no "red zeros".

Item 7: To Miss Hurlbert we leave a whole room full of costumes and one person who will keep the room neat and tidy.

Item 8: To Miss Kempton we leave a ten-pound padlock and an alarm system for the music room. Also a magnet to bring back lost music.

Item 9: To Miss Anderson we give our best wishes for the long life of the turtle. We also give her a book on nutrition in case she again loses her nutrition teacher.

Item 10: To long-suffering Mr. Mac we bequeath one roll of scotch tape and a package of pins to be used for decorating purposes only.

Item 11: To the Junior Class we give the Senior Room, with all the responsibilities that go with it. And a word of advice. Keep it clean!!!!

Item 12: To you Sophomores we give the ability to pay all your bills on time.

Item 13: To the Freshmen we leave continued success in all your enterprises.

Item 14: And to all the prospective Woodward girls we give our blessings for a wonderful four years.

We hereby nominate and appoint Venus de Milo to be the Executrix of this our last Will and Testament having faith and confidence that she will guard our rights for the best interests of our school.

In witness Whereof We, The Senior Class of 1941 hereunto set our hands this twenty-third day of May A.D. 1941.

The Senior Class of 1941

Drawn up by Marthur Burgess

On this twenty-third day of May A.D. 1941 the Senior Class of 1941 signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last Will and Testament and thereafter we, who saw them at their worst, as witnesses thereof, at their request, in their presence and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

Stolen Talisman
Hansel and Gretel
Twelfth Knight
Mlle. Chonita

VALEDICTORIAN

Assistant Treasurer '41
Orchestra '40
Dancing and public-speaking clubs
Won history thesis award.

Boston University

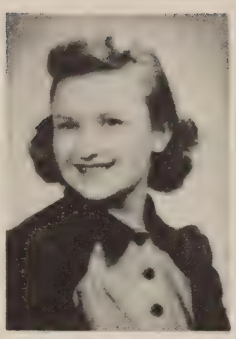
MARY CHRISOM

"Step after step the ladder is ascended."

SALUTATORIAN

Secretary '41
Sewing, dramatics dancing, athletic, camera, handicraft and dressmaking clubs

School of Domestic Science



GRACE LEET
"Gracie"

"The best of me is diligence"

PRESIDENT

Glee Club '37-'41
Madrigal '39-'41
Basketball
"Twelfth Night"
"Stolen Talisman"
"Chonita"
Athletic, dancing, etiquette, and public speaking class.

Bridgewater State Teacher's College

ANNA ANDERSON
"Swede"

"Wit to persuade and beauty to delight."

VICE-PRESIDENT

Treasurer '37-'39
President '40
President of Athletic Club
Glee Club '39-'41
"Hansel and Gretel"
"Twelfth Night"
Basketball
Dancing and athletic clubs.

Tufts Medical

GLORIA SWANSON
"Mike"

"A witty woman is a treasure"

TREASURER

Glee Club '39-'41
Madrigal '39-'41
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Dancing, sewing, handicraft, and dramatic clubs

Mary Washington College

JEANNE CLOHOSSEY

"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

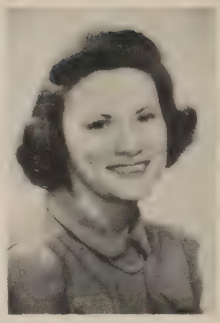
Glee Club '39-'41
Baskebatll '39-'41
Ping-pong '41
Badminton '41
Athletic, camera, dancing, etiquette, handicraft, and dress-making clubs.

Wilfred Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture

FLORENCE BULLOCK
"Florrie"

"A still and quiet conscience."

Glee Club '38-'41
Madrigal '38-'41
"Stolen Talisman"
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Dancing, athletic, camera, handicraft, and public-speaking clubs



MARY BURNS
"Squeekie"

"Sweeter also than honey in the honeycomb"

Basketball '39-'40
Dancing, dramatic, camera, sewing, and handicraft clubs.

Fay Secretarial School

ADA BURGESS

"With virtue and quietness one may conquer the world"

Basketball '37-'40
Ping-pong '41
Orchestra '38-'40
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Dancing, camera, etiquette, athletic, public-speaking, and handicraft clubs

School of Domestic Science

GRETA COBB
"Billie"
"Music and rhythm find their way into the secret places of thy soul"

Glee Club '40-'41
Basketball '38-'41
"Stolen Talisman"
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Property manager of "Hansel and Gretel"
Orchestra '38-'40
Athletic, sewing, camera and public-speaking clubs.

P.G. at Woodward

MARTHUR BURGESS
"Mart"

"A safe companion and an easy friend"

Glee Club '37
Basketball '39-'41
Tap review '37
Public-speaking, dancing, sewing, and handicraft clubs.

Fay Secretarial School

DOROTHY DEACON
"Deak"

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength"

Treasurer '40
Glee Club '37-'41
Madrigal
"Stolen Talisman"
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
"Hansel and Gretel"
Basketball '38-'40
Dancing and handicraft clubs

Music School

NATALIE HALEY
"Nat"

"Let me have music dying, and I seek no more delight."

Vice-President '39
Secretary '40
Basketball '38
Dancing, camera, handicraft, athletic, and public-speaking clubs.
Honorable Mention for Senior history thesis.

EUNICE REINHALTER
"Eunie"

"One of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth."

Glee Club '38-'41
Madrigal '40-'41
"Stolen Talisman"
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Pottery, handicraft, athletic, dramatic, and make-up clubs.

Massachusetts School of Art

NANCY MC KENNA
"Nan"

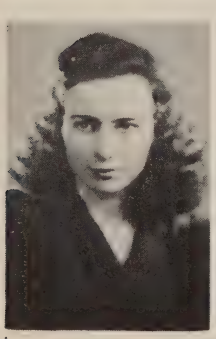
"The ideal of courtesy, wit, grace and charm."

Dancing, sewing, camera, and handicraft clubs.

Bridgewater State Teachers' College

ANNA REYNOLDS

"Rich in good works"



Secretary '39
Basketball '38
Orchestra '38-'40
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Dancing, athletic, camera, etiquette, handicraft, and public-speaking clubs.

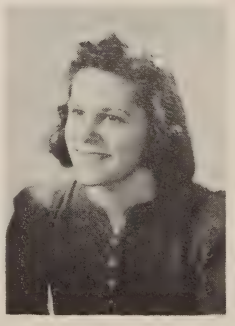
Business School

RUTH MC MAHON
"Ruthie"

"Not much talk--a great sweet silence."

Vice President '38
President '39
President of Athletic Club '40
Glee Club '38-'41
Madrigal '40-'41
"Hansel and Gretel"
"Twelfth Night"
"Chonita"
Treasurer of Athletic Club '41
Sewing, dramatic, athletic, handicraft and dancing clubs.

Forsyth Dental



PRISCILLA ROWE
"Pussy"

"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky
So is her face illuminated with her eyes"

Glee Club '39-'41
Madrigal '40-'41
"Hansel and Gretel"
"Chonita"
Sewing, dramatics, dancing, athletic, camera, and handicraft clubs.

Simmons College

ANNA SWANSON
"Ann"

"Suppress me if you can!
I am a merry jest."

Vice President '40
Glee Club '39-'41
"Chonita"
Basketball '38-'40

ELLEN WARREN
"Teddy"

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Basketball, '39-'40
Badminton '40-'41
Dancing, camera, public-speaking, athletic, make-up, and handicraft clubs.

Massachusetts School of Optometry

ELIZABETH WARMINGTON
"Betty"

"Out of this silence yet I picked
a welcome."

Glee Club '40-'41
Madrigal '40-'41
"Chonita"
Ping pong '41
Badminton '41
Athletic, dancing and handicraft clubs

P.G. at Woodward
Quincy Hospital

HELENE WEST
"Hel"

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent
thing in woman"

POST-GRADUATES

Dancing, drawing, camera, sewing, knitting, and athletic clubs.
"Twelfth Night"

Massachusetts School of Art

ANNE ROY
"Annie"

Treasurer
Camera, athletic, riding, dramatic, etiquette, and public-speaking clubs

Bridgewater State Teachers' College

JOAN SHEAHAN
"Joannie"

THE PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1941

This is Madame Cazunga speaking to you. I shall attempt to communicate with the future worlds and destinies as I have been asked to do. I must request perfect silence on the part of the audience as any outbreaks of emotion are not tolerated by the U.A.G. (Union of Associated Ghosts--Chapter X). And now I gaze in my crystal ball and see--Ah! There is Anna Swanson seated at her desk. Note the tousled hair and up-all-night look. Do not be mistaken. The look is directly attributed to her profession of a writer of horror tales for Lurid Weird Tales. Her eyes are heavy and her fingers numb, but she has to make the last edition.

Can you hear that mellow if raspy voice broadcasting over there? That is Grace "Marjorie Mills" Leet telling her millions of listeners how to make a superb iron-cast Pineapple Ppjopp. "Pour the batter into the pan and then bat 'er."

The delicate strains of "Traumerei" can be heard from the ghostly realms now. Ah, that is Ruth McMahon, the concert violinist playing. Sadly enough, she is still practising, even with great success. Any good spirit will tell you there is a moral here. Far away from the concert hall I travel, to stop suddenly in the middle of a super-dooper, colossal, strawberry festival of Associated Associates. In the far corner is an organ and at the organ sits--the crystal is clearing now and it's--Mary Burns--. She is playing the delicate strains of "The Old Oaken Bucket"--and with both hands--while the ladies smile and show their special Strawberry Festival bridgework.

From the peaceful charm of the festival, let us go quickly to that denizen of supermen, Harvard College, where, for the first time in history a woman is professor of economics She is, of course, Mary Chrisom, A.B., B.A., A.B.C., and X.Y.Z.

That loud noise you hear is also a classroom, but instead of supermen we have those charming things, children. At the head of the class sits Anna Reynolds. She wears a knit suit, glasses, and a terrible expression. I can hear the spirits murmur, "Poor Anna". I only hope she lasts and does not have to resort to complete violence, but who would blame her?

Anna Anderson is sitting peacefully in a doctor's office, the receptionist. Of course you can't guess who the doctor is! Suddenly a client walks in and Anna faints dead away! The shock did it, obviously.

Ah, inhale the fragrance! Delightful, isn't it? What is it?? Horses, of course. We are on an immense breeding farm. Standing over there is Jeanne Clohossey, who is now the foremost breeder of Kentucky Derby winners, and also, at last, has that much desired Cadillac convertible to drive about in.

Another elaborate office appears in my crystal. This is elaborate indeed, for it is a commercial artist's office done in pink, blue, and white. Seated at the desk is Nancy McKenna. She is also pink, blue, and white. She is talking to her architect husband, Ambedextrous Aloysius Azimar O'Shaughnessy.

Watch out or you'll fall in a mud bath or get slapped energetically by a 250 pound masseuse. This is Madame Bettie's Salon, and she is no other than Betty Warmington.

Gaily walking along the street is petite Helen West, carrying a market basket. Ah, she is such a devoted housewife! She is also a good buyer, as you can see by that peculiar gleam in her eye at the sight of a good top of the round.

Also walking along the street is Greta Cobb, and she is carrying a basket full of groceries to the poor families of the town. She is an A-1 social worker now.

I know you can hear that loud screaming, but do not be frightened. It's only Priscilla Rowe Cornell in her dressing room. Her fifth maid from the left lost one of Priscilla's most precious eyelashes and it's curtain time. So Priscilla tears her hair and says, beating her breast, "The show must go on!"

Egad! There is a strange apparition in my crystal. It is large and furry. Oh, it is only a Dalmatian dog of pachydern proportions. On the other end of the leash is a beautiful debutante who is, at the moment, yawning. Yes, you have guessed, it's Teddy Warren, and her gown matches the Dalmatian perfectly, as does her sports roadster.

Our scene shifts abruptly to the great ring of the Barnum and Bailey circus. Enter--two trapeze artists accompanied by two trumpet players. The trumpet players are wearing pink tights and cerese satin slippers. One of the trumpeters who herald the aerialists is none other than Marthur

Burgess, who owes all her success to Woodward and Miss Kempton.

The trumpets fade away and a lovely contralto voice is heard singing "My Little Grey Home in the West". The crystal clears and there is Natalie Haley crooning to her youngest baby, who is already showing the talent of its two parents by singing "da" in the key of G.

That woman sitting at the bridge table is the famous woman bridge expert, Ada Burgess. She and her husband have become authorities on bridge and they even know how to play it.

All the characters in my crystal now seem to be the housewifey type, for here is another one, Dotty Deacon. She is in the kitchen, standing in two feet of water. The pipe has broken, and Dotty rushes to the telephone to call a plumber before she remembers that her husband is one.

Behind the scenes of the great musical comedies is the ever efficient staff headed by that well known hairdresser, Florence Bullock. She daintily arranges the coiffures of the stars and is famous for her creation of "The Swoosy-Swirl".

In the past, Woodward had one problem child. Today, Gloria Swanson is the problem child of the nation. She is constantly leading some new communist parties and arguing of all the improvements that her party can do for the country. And hidden behind this belligerent leadership lies the glittering sheen of the scalpel, which, innocent instrument that it is, in Swanson's hand immediately becomes the silencer of all people contrary to Gloria's Ghastly Galaxy of Gruesome Benii.

Last, but hardly least, is Eunice Reinhalter, the Emily Post of West Point. She resides there, teaches those utterly graceful boys to dance, and teaches them to avoid all triple plays on the ballroom floor.

Ah, now you can rest more easily. The seance is over and the fate of all of you is decided. I hope I did not disappoint you or cut you to the quick, because even ghosts and spirits make mistakes. Now, if you will pardon me while I talk to my friend Oscar, boss of the U.A.G. who confidently told me everything I told you, happy nightmares!!

Gloria Swanson
Jean Clohossey

REFUGEE

He stood alone, this boy, as if to say
That he was from a far and distant place,
And young determination on his face
Displayed the fact that even youth must pay.
The gentleness in stubborn eyes of grey
Betrayed the quiet quality of race.
His slender hands that twist and interlace
Tell not of hardships of another day.
So strange, so young, these boys that had to flee
A fate that they should never have to know.
They live and hope a better world to see;
They have no home, but only faith to show,
No home, but only hope of what may be--
A hope to regain peace of long ago.

Gloria Swanson

EDUCATION IN THE EARLY COLONIES
Honorable Mention in the Senior History Essay Contest

John walked through the main gateway of Harvard University. It was July 7, 1940, and tonight the class of 1915 were to hold their Alumni meeting in Frothingham Hall, one of the school's famous buildings. Twenty-five years had elapsed since he had studied here, yet how familiar everything seemed--the campus, the red brick buildings designed in old colonial architecture, and the old school chapel.

John started across the campus. Suddenly a figure passed him, a man dressed in colonial clothes. John spoke to him, "Hello".

Instead of answering, the figure disappeared, leaving John dumbfounded.

John entered Frothingham Hall and was surprised at the number of classmates whom he recognized. They were all older than he remembered them, but just as friendly as they had been twenty-five years ago.

Doctor Conant, President of Harvard, arose. He spoke slowly: "Members of the class of 1915, I welcome you to this Alumni meeting tonight. Our speaker this evening is Doctor Hooton, head of the Department of Experimental Anthropology. His subject is 'Education in the Early Colonies.' May I present Doctor Hooton."

Doctor Hooton arose from his seat, but before he had time to speak a shadowy figure appeared beside him. John gasped. It was the same man who had passed him on the campus. He motioned for Doctor Hooton to return to his seat and then began to speak.

"I am the ghost of Matthew Bradford. I lived from 1640 to 1730 and attended Harvard College a few years after its founding. Tonight I have come back to visit the college and note the changes in the college itself and methods of educating the pupils. Let me tell you something about education during my time.

"When a young child, I attended the public grammar schools provided here in Massachusetts by the acts of 1647. Before attending a grammar school, I attended a dame school taught by Mistress Winslow in her living room. Girls did not attend these schools as they were expected to stick to their knitting and not to meddle in 'such things as are proper for men whose minds are stronger', as Governor Winthrop declared.

The ghost of Matthew Bradford sighed, took an imaginary drink of water and continued.

"I was greatly impressed when I arrived here tonight and found how your curriculum has widened since my time. Today Harvard has courses including the classical, scientific, languages, religious, medical and engineering. The typical American college has slowly grown, has enlarged its facilities and has widened and liberalized the educational opportunities which it offers.

"My time is growing short and I must leave you now, only in hope of coming back again, probably many years hence."

With these words the ghost of Matthew Bradford disappeared, leaving the hall in silence---silence, except for the ringing of the old iron bell high up in the chapel tower. I arose quickly and walked out into the clear night air, just in time to catch a glimpse of him again.

Far out on the campus the colonial man walked, silhouetted in the moonlight, finally disappearing from my sight.

Dorothy Deacon

THE CAMERA CLUB--SECOND SEMESTER

Senior Room
Woodward School
June, 1941

Dear Juniors,

1942 will be the most active for you as Seniors. It will, no doubt, confront you with many difficulties. Probably a few helpful hints will enable you to make your year a success.

We did not find the committee system satisfactory. While the three girls were busy preparing activities for their month, the other girls, thinking that it wasn't their month, were not willing to co-operate. We find that when each individual was assigned a specific duty, the results were profitable. Make your plans at the beginning of your Senior year for the whole year. Have your faculty advisor make a list of the duties which have to be fulfilled and then have each girl choose her "Job". Be sure to ask Miss Bacon's permission for each undertaking.

We found that style shows and food sales were very profitable. Be sure to have plenty of publicity before the main event comes off.

Since there are so many money-making affairs, an assistant treasurer is advisable. Be sure to select a competent treasurer, who will go around and "haunt" the girls for dues.

If you do not want to be held responsible for the upkeep of the Senior Room, post a notice saying so, and then it is up to the underclassmen to keep it clean.

Set your goal high and aim for it. Make sure that everyone does her part. Hold her responsible for selling at least three tickets for each affair. If she doesn't complete her duties, she must make a public apology in front of the class and pay a fine of fifty cents.

Best of luck in all your ventures,
The Class of 1941

A TYPICAL FLOOR SHOW

HANDICRAFT CLUB

DANCING CLUB

WANT ADVS.

A woman to care for the gardens and animal life on a large estate owned by Atlas.

Gara (Mother Earth)

A good lawyer to care for the estates and property, and insure law and justice to client.

Themis

A watchman needed in an important airplane factory, must be alert with "all" eyes open all the time.

Argus

A handsome, bold youth to accompany a young maiden on a hunting trip. Apply to Venus, the goddess of love, at Mount Olympus.

Adonis

Young girl to stand in window of an archery shop to advertise bows and arrows. Must be able to shoot well so she can be in an archery meet.

Diana

Young girl to advertise colors and radiance of the rainbow. Apply to the Mason Water Colors Inc.

Iris

A very vain young man to fill a position where he may gaze at himself all day.

Hyacinthus

Someone to serve as judge at a beauty contest to be given at a wedding feast.

Paris

A fine actor to play the part of a madman in a coming production.

Ulysses

LOST:

While having some fun, two arrows: description, one tipped with lead; one tipped with gold, Feb. 14; finder please return promptly as they are urgently needed.

Cupid

Woodward Chooses its Favorite Songs and Orchestras (or soloists)

SONG

1 Intermezzo
2. My Sister and I
3. Amapola
4. Marie Elena
5. Good-bye Now

ORCHESTRA (OR SOLOIST)

1. Fritz Kreisler
2. Horace Heidt or Paul Whiteman
3. Jimmy Dorsey
4. Jimmy Dorsey or Xavier Cougat
5. Horace Heidt

MOTHER

We think of her the whole year 'round
And yet when spring-time comes,
We think more of her sweet kind face,
I'm talking 'course of "mums"!

We think of things we should have done,
To make her tasks more light.
It's then we try to show to her
Our love, with all our might.

Marjorie Barrie

A PINE TREE

I sat on a hill under a pine tree
And the breeze was cool;
Beneath me stretched moist, brown meadows
That smelled of clean earth
And beyond the fields, half hidden in the pine grove
The sun fell warmly on the red chimneys of "Pincomb".
Overhead a swallow dipped and saluted Apollo
As he winged his way back to his nest in the stable,
And the breeze was cool.

I sat on a hill under a pine tree
And the sun was warm;
I ran my fingers thru the rusty coat of the setter beside me
And watched, in the distance
A girl on a spirited horse
Wending her way along the winding bridle path
Where, in the spring, the violets grow in great purple patches
And the sun was warm.

Ellen Pinkham

PEACE

Now the rain is gently falling
Spreading darkness over all
But that rain is life to flowers
Joyous buds so straight and tall.

War is also spreading darkness
Over troubled lands abroad
Bringing to all people sadness
While we pray for help from God.

So we hope the clouds of war
Will be driven from the sky,
And the sunshine will again
Flood the world with peace and joy.

Barbara McKenzie

THE LOBSTER'S PLIGHT

I am a little lobster green
Scuttling through dark sea weed.
Ranging amongst the jagged rocks,
Searching for a place to feed.

I found a box of fishes dead,
Upon the ocean floor.
Oh me, oh my, it was a trap.
Why didn't I know more?

I am a little lobster green
Caught in the nasty trap.
There is an exit, I suppose,
But I don't find the gap.

Rowena O. Hilton

SPRING

Now that spring has come at last,
Happy, gay and free,
Our children shout and play about,
Their voices shrill with glee.

The trees come forth in fresh new gre
Forsythia blossoms bright,
It's yellow flowers open wide,
To make the gardens a cheery sight.

Margaret Reinhalter

A RAIN SHOWER

The storm clouds gathered o'er the to
They hid the sun from view
The rain would wet the flowers down
And leave them bathed in dew.

It came down hard and bent the trees
Made all the grass look green
It hit the windows and the eaves
And all that could be seen.

Norma Saville

A WISH

As I lean on my window sill,
I see the river flowing by.
The happy people gaily sing,
And as I look, I sadly sigh.

I wish that I could be with them.
Flowing on to sea,
But Mother calls and I must go,
And dream of wharf and quay.

Jean McDonald

Winnie looks Ahead

For the last time this year "The Tattler" gives you all the latest news that we could "scoop" by "snooping".

We hear you and your "brother" had a good time taking class pictures, Swede. "Larry" rimes with the swellest word for Teddy. Dottie, Monty, Ada, and Albie sure make a cute foursome.--Take it easy, Betty W., good doctors are in demand!! Claire, has Earl got over his shock yet?? You know, four o'clock is pretty late. Nancy, did you ever see submarine races on Wollaston Beach?? Priscilla R., what's the matter with Howard Johnson's after Proms??? Is D.M. a little too educated, Anne R.?? Eunice--oh! you sharpy!! You're not so dumb when it comes to a certain snappy freshman and B.C. Proms. Harriett couldn't decide which one to ask to the Prom, but Joe was a wise choice, we noticed. Barbara C. is usually present at local dances--and no wonder!!! Anna R., take good care of Paul now, won't you??? Gloria S. and Gus G. have developed quite a sturdy friendship, it seems. Ruth Mc.--What was that big spot before Gene's eyes on May 16th??? As if you didn't know!!! Greta C. has a flair for redheads now, and a nice one at that. Jean C. sure looked like an Hungarian movie star in that lovely gown. Charles H. is a wonderful president, eh, Mary C.??

Harriet R.--Unexpected audiences are embarrassing at times, are they not??? We hear, Doris M., that the handsome internes are the reasons for your present interest in the hospital. Pat O'D.--We don't like your attitude toward him, and that sparkler means a lot, you know. Don't shed your tears because Jerry works at night, Aileen, for the rides in his new car should make you forget, or do they make you remember him better???? Carolyn H.--Didn't John want to buy a dog license for that puppy love?? Or is that why you left him?? Irene M. Was Cliff disappointed last Friday night??? After all, it was rather sudden. It was too bad for Barbara M. that George W. didn't have a car for Friday night. Ruthie W. did you enjoy watching Latin dances for the Junior assembly in different night clubs? Don't be so down-hearted because Spring doesn't give you a chance to wear Dick's gloves. The summer vacation will be here soon--then you'll forget, maybe?? Margie H.--Don't be scared when you see the boys. You'll see them every day somewhere. Is Dick A. still the object of Betty D's affections or just a hangover from her Freshman year??? Howard isn't a horse, is he?? Evelyn D., please tell us who he is. Josey D., why do white tires attract your attention?? Could it be because of "tall, dark, and handsome???

Dear Margie B., what have you got that gets them (the rubbish men)??? Norma, they just don't come that way--Six feet two. Oh!!! Rowena, has John made a habit of forgetting your purse just to give you an excuse to call him back??? Marylyn S.--Don't you think it is dangerous to go visiting? I always thought that mumps were contagious. Priscilla, how's the standing date at nine o'clock coming along. Gitchy B. It is always handy to have an extra slip at bridge parties--n'est-ce pas??? Barbara Mac. Did Jimmie like you in your Girl Scout uniform??? Was he surprised at your being a Scout?? We wonder!!! Doris, no more trips to Cunningham Gym. Why, Doris??? Peggy--It isn't the truth about the Irish sticking together. Is it just since the party at Fishie's or were you keeping it a secret???

Dear Helen C, where did you go after the Prom--and why did your brother interrupt you??? Barbara MacM., who is that Squantumite that has your heart throbbing?? Did you enjoy the band concert at North, Marjorie?? Jean O., whose picture did you get out of the Ledger--and why??? Alice B., we are beginning to wonder why you fix your eyes up at lunch time. Mary Mc. is waiting for another formal. Could it be that you were impressed with one of the orchestra players, Mary?? Dear Jean K., did you enjoy the Prom?? Especially the Grand March??? Mary B., what (or who) is the new attraction at the library?? It couldn't be the books, could it??

Well, "The Tattler" says so long for this year, but we hope to be back with all the latest news again when school begins in the fall.